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Boy's Clothes,
Children's Clothes,
as at the Old and Relia-
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COR. THIRD AND
MARKET STREETS,
in order to sell goods, but
mighty and will prevail.
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on First and Third Lord's days. Sunday School
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MANENTLY. I send a bottle of my
valuable medicine to those who send me a
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dress. No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

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A HANDSOME 12-FOOT, 4-ROUND (Cil-
lender) Boardman & Gray Piano, and an excel-
lently toned Mason & Hamlin Organ. Bargains can be se-
cured. Call on or address
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Ask your druggist for it. An unending remedy
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We will do all kinds of repair-
ing in our line with neatness
and dispatch. An experience of
more than a quarter of a cen-
tury in our business enables us to
promise our customers the best
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to stay," but are here and can't
get away. Give us a call.

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Brands of Liquors and Cigars. An
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—WEEKLY—
Courier-Journal.

Representative Newspaper of the South.
A Good Paper for all Sections.

The Courier-Journal will be sent one
year, postage free, for \$2, which amount will in-
clude a handsome present in the shape of a book
or a knife or various articles of use and beauty, as
may be selected from the list of premiums. A sample
copy of the Weekly Courier-Journal and a circular
containing the full list of premiums will be sent on
application.

Choice from standard books of the times, and a
choice selection of the leading magazines or illus-
trated periodicals of the day, furnished in con-
sultation with the Weekly for a mere pittance in ad-
dition to the price of the paper. The Weekly Courier-
Journal, published since 1879 and through 1880,
will be sent to clubs of five or more persons at \$1.50
each, and for every club of five the club ruler will
be sent to a copy sent to any address for one year.

The Courier-Journal is a combination, made in
1868, of three old Louisville papers, viz: The Jour-
nal, established in 1830; the Courier in 1841, and
the Democrat in 1845. Its reputation is national,
as well as its circulation, and it is pronounced one
of the ablest and most valuable papers in the Union.
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choice selection of the leading magazines or illus-
trated periodicals of the day, furnished in con-
sultation with the Weekly for a mere pittance in ad-
dition to the price of the paper. The Weekly Courier-
Journal, published since 1879 and through 1880,
will be sent to clubs of five or more persons at \$1.50
each, and for every club of five the club ruler will
be sent to a copy sent to any address for one year.

No traveling agent is engaged by the Courier-
Journal Company, but a liberal cash commission
or handsome premiums will be given to persons
known to the community in which they reside,
who will act as local agents. Any one who desires
to act and to assist in extending the circulation of
a paper that can but be beneficial to any commu-
nity, will find it to be a most profitable and useful
employment. For specimen copies, circulars, etc., address
W. N. HALDEN, President Courier-Journal Co.,
Louisville, Ky.

TO PEOPLE WHO CAN READ!
Your attention is invited to the announcement
that the
CINCINNATI
—WEEKLY—
COMMERCIAL

A large 8-page, 48-column newspaper, not surpas-
sing in the country for News, Business Reports, Lit-
erary and Select Reading, will be furnished, post-
paid.

This offer to stand good till Jan. 1, 1880, and sub-
scriptions to date from the time of their reception at
this office and continue for 1 year and 1 month.
Cash Commissions. On each subscrip-
tion to the Cincinnati Commercial, Cincinnati, O.,
the Cincinnati Dollar Weekly Commercial, taken at the
same named office, we allow a cash commission of 10 per
cent. to the Postmaster, Deputy Postmaster or Club
Organizer securing and forwarding the same. One
or more names may be sent to the Cincinnati Dollar
Commercial, and Clubs may be made up of names
from any place. The net amount due, the proper com-
mission being retained by the forwarder. A large
club of this remarkably low-priced paper is un-
precedented in the history of the press. Specimen
copies free to any address. Circulars and terms
invited.

Extraordinary Offer: Weekly Commercial on Trial.
As many persons are desirous of taking a paper a
short time on trial, that they may have an oppor-
tunity of judging of its merits, we want that want
and make the offer to send the Weekly Commercial
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3 MONTHS FOR 10 CENTS!
This offer to remain open till Jan. 1, 1880, and sub-
scriptions to date from the time of their reception at
this office and continue three months. Ten per
cent. Cash Commission to Club Organizers or one
free copy for each club of ten, as Club Organizers
may prefer.

Mr. A. W. WALKER is Agent for Cincinnati Dollar
and Weekly Commercial at Stanford, Ky. Subscrip-
tions left with him will meet with prompt at-
tention.

"My Mother."
The following beautiful lines were found
penciled on a fly-leaf of a book in the Con-
victs' Library in the Kingston (Canada)
Penitentiary. The authorship was traced
to a young Englishman who had been sent
there for forgery, and who died of brain
fever prior to the expiration of his sen-
tence:—

I've wandered far away, mother,
Far away from my happy home,
And left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam,
And time since then has rolled its years
And marked them on my brow;
Yet still I think of those mother-
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking of the time, mother,
When with such anxious care
You lifted up your heart to heaven—
Your hopes, your trust were there,
Fond memory brings the parting glance,
While tears rolled down thy cheek,
The last, long loving look told more
Than ever words could speak.

When by thy gentle side, mother,
You watched my tender youth,
And kissed me in your pride, mother,
Taught me the word of Truth,
Then lightly was my soul lit up
With thoughts of those mother-
While your bright tears glistened wave
To deck thy dying bow.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay;
The tempter with his baneful eye
Hath dashed them all away,
And ah! how late his venom sting,
To rack with anguish wild,
Yet still I would not let thee know
The sorrows of thy child.

I'm lonely and forsaken, mother,
No friend is near me now,
No kindred voice with a tender word
Or cool my burning brow.
The dearest ties are severed
And all now torn from me,
They left me when my troubles came—
They did not love like thee.

I know you would not chide, mother,
You would not give me blame,
But soothe me with a tender word
And bid me hope again.
I'm lonely and forsaken, mother,
Unloved and unloved;
Yet still I would not have thee know
How lonely I'm distressed.

I've wandered far away, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break,
Beyond the deep blue sea.
Yet mother, still I love thee well;
I long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy baby breath
Upon my warm cheek.

But ah! there is a thought, mother,
Permeates my aching breast—
That thy fond spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest.
And as I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of heaven, mother,
And bids me seek thee there.

Not the Dog's Fault.
A very vindictive man leading a
dog stalked into Uncle Eph's house
yesterday, and said:

"Eph, you black rascal, here's your
dog; give me back the \$3 I paid you
for it."

"What's de matter wid de dawg?"
asked Eph, calm and unruffled.

"You warranted it to hunt chick-
ens, didn't you?"

"An' don't 'e' said 'e' said Eph.
"No; he isn't worth a cent at it."

"Did you try de dawg?" said Eph,
taking his pipe from his mouth and
knocking the ashes from it.

"Certainly I did, and he's a first-
class frand."

"How war de chickens cooked?"
"Cooked?"

"Yes; was dey biled?"
"Of course not."
"Did you roas' dem?"

"Why, you old idiot, they were
alive—prairie chickens."

"Dat s'plains it," said Eph. "I
tought dar was sufin wrong. You
jest cook de chickens and gib de dawg
half a chance an' see how he'll hunt
for dem. Folks 'speak too much," he
added, as the gentleman kicked the
dog into a corner and rushed out.

"dey 'speak' t'irely too much from de
cullud people. Ef dat man was fool
nuff to 'speak dat he war gwine to get
a dawg for free dollars dat would
hunt live chickens, he was fool 'nuff
to bleed dat we's squar in de middle
of de millenium, and everybody
knows how big a fool dat am."—[De-
troit Free Press.

The corps of skaters, a force pecu-
liar to the Norwegian army, has been
lately reorganized, and consists now of
five companies, each of 110 men,
which in time of war can be reforc-
ed by calling in 270 skaters belong-
ing to the landwehr. The men of this
corps are armed with rifles, and can
be maneuvered upon ice or over the
snow-fields of the mountains with the
rapidity equal to that of the best
trained cavalry. The skates they use
are admirably adapted for traveling
over rough and broken ice or frozen
snow, being six inches broad and be-
tween nine and ten inches long. In
ascending steep slopes the men take a
zigzag course; tacking up the moun-
tain side as a ship does against a head
wind. As an instance of the speed
at which they can go, it is mentioned
that last winter a messenger despatched
from Rorss at 3 o'clock in the morning,
arrived at Cronheim at 9:30 in the evening
of the same day, having consequently ac-
complished 120 miles in 18½ hours.

Indiana has the largest school fund
of any State. It comprises \$11,000,-
000 in school property and \$9,000,000
in the State Treasury—a total of \$20,-
600,000, or \$70 to every child in the
public schools.

A Painful Pause.
After reading this, our young sub-
scribers must hunt up the constitution
and commit a line or two:

Yesterday morning seven or eight
old and reliable citizens were holding
down chairs and boxes in a Michigan
avenue grocery, and unanimously agree-
ing that this was the greatest country on
earth; a stranger entered and said:

"Gentlemen, I suppose you are all
familiar with politics?"
"We are," they replied in chorus.
"And you all know about the fun-
damental principles of liberty?"

"We do."
"Well, I'm glad of it, for I've made
a bet with a fellow back here as to
how the reading of the constitution
begins. One of you just write me
the first ten words."

While he felt for a stub of a pencil
every man began scratching his head
and cautiously eyeing his neighbor.
One began muttering:

"Now I lay me"—and a second
said something about "Resolved," and
a third wrote on the top of a cracker-
box: "On motion, it was voted that
—that—"

There was a great deal of coughing
and sneezing and nose-blowing, when
a boy came in and said the stranger's
horse had run away. He rushed out
and seven faces brightened up and
smiled, and tried not to look too im-
portant.—[Detroit Free Press.

Locusts as Food.
St. Mark describes the diet of John
the Baptist as consisting of "locusts
and wild honey." Some commen-
tators have explained "locusts" as de-
noting some kind of bread or wild
fruit. This is an error, for locusts
are eaten as food by many people in
the East. A recent writer on the cu-
riosity of food accords to the locust
the first place, in the purely insect
world, as an article of diet. He says:

"From the remotest antiquity the
locust has been used for food—witness
the sculptures of Assyria—and at
the present day they are devoured in
enormous quantities by many dif-
ferent races. Yet there is a wide di-
vergence of opinion regarding the val-
ue of locusts as food."

"Some travelers describe locusts as
a desperate makeshift; others, again,
as resembling shrimps in delicacy and
flavor. They compete with meat in
the market of Bagdad; and they are
called 'terad' in Yemen, and 'aune' in
Daneah, and they are frequently used
as food by the wandering tribes of
Asia and Africa, who, after broiling
them, separate the head from the
body, and eat them as Western na-
tions do shrimps. In some parts of
Africa they are ground and made into
bread. In Senegal they are eaten by
the highest classes. They are the
main support of the bushmen of
South Africa."

REMEDY FOR HOG CHOLERA.—
Burnt corn is a sure cure for hog
cholera. The best way is to make a
pile of corn on the cob and effectual-
ly scorch it. The remedy was dis-
covered by E. E. Locke, of Lewis-
ton, Ill., at his distillery, which was
burnt, together with a large lot of
corn. The corn was so much injured
as to be unfit for use, and was hauled
out and speedily eaten by the hogs,
after many of the drove had been dy-
ing daily. After the second day not
a hog died, and the disease entirely
disappeared. The remedy has been
tried in a number of instances since,
and never failed.—[Leavenworth
(Kan.) Western Homestead.

Leaving home this morning for the
office, we kiss our little four-year-old
good-bye, saying to him, "Be a good
boy to-day." He somewhat surprised
by saying—"I will. Be a good man,
papa." Sure enough we thought, "We
need the exhortation more than he.
And who—who could give it more ef-
fectually than this guileless prattler?"
The words of the little preacher have
been ringing in our ears all day, and
whether we wrote letters or editorials,
perceived an irate correspondent whose
effusion we could not publish, or
pruned a top lengthy report, we seem-
ed to hear the sweet child voice say-
ing—"Be a good man, papa!"—[Ex.

Sam Shook got married at Hillsbo-
ro, Ohio, and took his bride to the
home that he had prepared. Two
rowdies in the neighborhood, desiring
to play what they conceived to be a
good joke on the husband, broke into
the house that night while he was
asleep and carried off the wife, fright-
ening her into silence by brandishing
pistols. They hid her for three days,
and then returned her to the anxious
Mr. Shook. They said they meant
no harm, but he refuses to regard the
exploit as fun, and has had them ar-
rested.

Capt. Thomas Simpson, of Burnet,
Texas, keeps the remains of his wife,
recently deceased, in his parlor in an
elegant metallic case.

"How dare you swear before me?"
asked a man of his son the other day.
"How did I know you wanted to
swear first?" said the spoiled urchin.

Anecdote of Judge Cleary.
Some years ago I had a case to ar-
gue before the eccentric Judge Cleary,
of Kentucky. While waiting for my
case to come up, I listened to the trial
of a brawny ruffian, who was accused
of stealing two mules. He had been
caught riding one and leading the other,
and though both the animals bore
their real owner's brands, he swore
that they had been foaled on his farm
and raised by him. Every point of
evidence was against him, but he
swore he was innocent with enough
oaths to scare an overland teamster.
The jury rendered a verdict of guilty
without leaving their seats. Judge
Cleary asked him:

"Have you any thing to say why
judgment should not be pronounced
on you?"
"Yes, I have!"
"What is it?"
"I am innocent, and I hope God
may strike me dead if I am not!"
The Judge paused a moment. Then
he said quietly:

"As the Almighty has not seen
proper to comply with your request,
the sentence of the court is—"and
he went on to pronounce it.—[N. Y.
Dispatch.

It is the bubbling spring that flows
gently, the little rivulet which runs
along day and night, by the farm
house, that is useful, rather than the
swollen flood of warring catarrh.
Niagara excites our wonder, and we
stand amazed at the power and great-
ness of God there, as he "pours it
from the hollow of his hand." But
one Niagara is enough for the conti-
nent or the world, while the same
world requires thousands and tens of
thousands of silver fountains and
gently flowing rivulets, that water ev-
ery farm and meadow and every gar-
den, and that shall flow on every day
and every night with their gentle,
quiet beauty. So with the acts of our
lives. It is not by great deeds, like
those of the martyrs, that good is to
be done—it is by the daily and quiet
virtues of life, the Christian temper,
the good qualities of relatives and
friends, and all, that is to be done.—
[Albert Barnes.

JOHN BULL AT SCHOOL.—An Eng-
lish writer has been sharply criticising
the management of the London pub-
lic schools, known as the "Board
schools," and produces the following
specimens of the written examinations
of some of the scholars:

"Where is Turin?"
"Turin is the capital of China;
the people there lives on birds nests
and has long tails."

"What do you know of the patri-
arch Abraham?"
"He was the father of Lot and had
two wives—was called Hismaleah and
the other Hagar. He kept him at
home and he turned the other into
the desert, where she became a pillow
of salt in the day time and a pillow
of fire at night."

The population of the globe may be
roughly assumed at 1,421,000,000;
divided thus: Europe, 309,000,000;
Asia, 824,000,000; Africa, 199,000,
000; Oceania, 4,000,000; America,
85,000,000. It has been calculated
from the mortality tables of known
countries that the annual number of
deaths throughout the world is 35,-
693,350, or that, in other words, 97,-
790 persons die every day. On the
other hand, the balance of population
is more than kept up by births at the
rate of 101,800 per day. Seventy new
lives are ushered in every minute of
the 24 hours.

A bulky driver makes a bulky
horse. In breaking colts, the trainer
should never lose his temper. A firm
hand and a gentle manner will bring
any colt, however spirited it may be,
into subervience to the driver. The
animal must be made to rely entirely
upon its master. It cannot be made
to do so by brute force.

Single cream is cream that has stood
on the milk twelve hours. It is best
for tea or coffee. Double cream stands
on its milk twenty-four hours, and
cream for butter frequently stands for-
ty-eight hours. Cream that is to be
whipped should not be butter cream,
lest in whipping it change to butter.

Boys, don't be deceived. A girl
who will talk of the "limbs" of a table
will, after marriage, chase you all
round the ragged ramparts of a two-
acre lot with a rolling-pin, and a regu-
lar kerosene conflagration in both
eyes.—[Wheeling Leader.

Nearly half of the gate-posts in this
city are pushed out toward the street,
proving the great lack of male sup-
port from the sidewalk to keep them
and the gate in a perpendicular po-
sition.

Some women are perfect tyrants.
Our wife won't even hear of our go-
ing to the theatre with another lady
—that is, if we can prevent her do-
ing so.—[Boston Post.

A Valued Compliment.
Walton, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL,
has been criticised with a free pen
the exercise of the pardoning power
by Governor Blackburn. In fact,
Walton has a way of pitching into
men and things whenever he thinks
there is a wrong done, or a criticism
necessary. While in the matter of
his comments on Gov. Blackburn's
course we can not agree with him,
the spirit and motives that prompted
the articles are eminently proper and
right. No officer will forever dis-
charge honestly his duties if they
are above the criticism of the press.
In this the Democrats differ from the
Republicans. We find fault with our
party men when they do wrong. The
Republicans think themselves immac-
ulate and that their leaders can do no
wrong. We commend the independ-
ence of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, and
prize it as one of our ablest and most
valued exchanges.—[Harrisburg Ol-
server.

Was That All He Could Do?
A negro named Elijah, who died
some time ago at Oxford, N. C., was
famous throughout that whole region
for his amazing strength. He was
six feet four inches high and weighed
two hundred and thirty pounds. He
could take up a barrel containing
thirty or forty gallons, stand erect
and hold the bung to his mouth and
drink out of it; he could throw an or-
dinary anvil twenty-five yards; he
could "pull down" four men with a
handspike at one time; he could
shoulder and carry a log that would
make seventy-five or a hundred rails,
and could lift a three-year-old colt over
an eight-rail fence. He once killed a
deer on Mayfield's Mountain with a
rock, overtook and dispatched a black
bear with an axe, and caught and
hamstrung a ferocious bull.

SWEET AND LOW.—A gentleman
in New York was recently descending
to a friend on the soft notes of a lin-
net which he had heard a few days
before.

"Why," said he, "it sang so softly
at times that you couldn't hear it at
all."

"Sh-h-h-h!" said the other, placing his
hand to his ear, "perhaps there is one
singing now."—[Scribner's "Bric-a-
Brac."

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS AND THE COLOR
OF THE EYES.—M. Nicate, at the
meeting of the French Society for
the Advancement of Science, that as
one of the results of his examination
of 3,434 eyes in relation to myopia,
at Marseilles, this defect was observed
far more frequently in light than in
dark eyes, blue and gray eyes furnis-
hing 18 per cent, and black and brown
eyes only 11.27 per cent.

An English lawyer went into a bar-
ber's shop to procure a wig. In tak-
ing the dimensions of the lawyer's
head the barber exclaimed, "Why,
how long your head is, sir!" "Yes,"
replied the legal gentleman, "we
lawyers must have long heads." The
barber proceeded with his vocation,
but at length exclaimed, "Why, sir,
your head is as thick as it is long!"
Blackstone winced.

A negro fell dead on the street at
Emineence, Wednesday, of heart dis-
ease. Thursday a colored divine
preached his funeral sermon, and
stated that he had tried to get the ne-
gro to reform, and he would not,
and now was sojourning in hell.
He took as his text, "And he lifted
his eyes up in hell." It was plain
preaching.

The new Pullman palace cars are
very luxurious, costing each \$15,000.
Ordinary passenger cars cost \$4,000;
drawing-room cars, \$8,000; mail and
baggage cars, \$2,000; box cars, \$400.

Speak of a man's marble brow, and
he will glow with conscious pride, but
allude to his wooden head, and he's
mad in a minute. Language is a slip-
pery thing to fool with much.

Mr. Blackwell, a North Carolina
tobacco manufacturer, is the largest
tax payer in the United States. He
pays \$520,000, which is equal to \$1,-
428 per day.

"I have a love-letter," said the ser-
vant girl to her mistress. "Will you
read it to me? And here is some cot-
ton wad ye stuff in yer cars while ye
read it?"

Knowledge is the right bower, and
one of the showiest cards in the pack,
yet in the game of life check is the
little joker that is oftentimes the win-
ner.

"Where yer bin, Billy?" "Bin
fishin'." "Ketch any thin?" "No.
But I expect to when I get in the
house."

The Boston Transcript thinks the
boy who can't get his feet wet in half
an inch of snow is not a boy of enter-
prise.

Josh Billings has discovered that
"It is a good deal of a bore to

As the Penitentiary question will be the most important subject for consideration by the Legislature this winter, and as that body is shortly to meet in Frankfort, we beg leave to offer a few suggestions, which, if taken, will save the State the expense of enlarging the present institution, or building a branch Penitentiary, besides hundreds of thousands of dollars now annually expended in taking care of her numerous criminals. The suggestions are these: Make the theft of \$50 worth and under, petit larceny, and fix the punishment therefor at thirty-nine lashes, well laid on the naked back; misdemeanors and other minor offenses, where fines can not be collected, to be also punished with the lash. For stealing more than \$50 worth and for other crimes, not including rape and murder, let the criminal be branded on the forehead or cheek with the initial of the crime for which he has been convicted. For rape, or the attempt, let the punishment be castration, and for murder, allow the jury no other alternative but to find a verdict of death on the gallows. The sentimental will say at once that such punishment will not do or these enlightened times; that it is worthy only of the barbarous ages; but, the punishment now resorted to is made more barbarous—especially if half that is told of the stench-producing, disease-breeding hell-hole at Frankfort is true. The pain of punishment by the means suggested would be of short duration, but the stigma that would attach to a man who had been publicly whipped, branded or castrated would act as a preventive of crime that bad men would cease to do evil or seek other localities to carry on their nefarious work. We need some such a check on crime, else it will be the duty of each biennial session of the Legislature to appropriate funds for an almost continual enlargement of the State prison to accommodate the ever-increasing number of convicts.

The State Auditor estimates that the expenditures of the coming year will be \$1,741,850.00. The estimated receipts, including the cash balance in the Treasury, will be but \$1,061,937.65—leaving a deficit of \$679,912.35. An increase in the taxes is inevitable, unless the Legislature will look into and curtail many expenses that now burden the State. Something should be done to check the vast amount of swindling in witness fees that is practiced in the mountain regions, where men are indicted for trivial offenses by others whose sole object is to get their dollar a day as witnesses. Scores of such cases, with scores of witnesses, occur at every Court, and until the Jackson decision, declaring the Auditor had no right to pay witness claims out of the Treasury, certificates of that nature were more current in some localities than silver or greenbacks. Reduce these fees so that the amount would make it no object for such swindlers. The law in regard to taking convicts to the Penitentiary needs, also, a radical change. We have known of cases where it cost the State over two hundred dollars to land one poor little weakly convict at Frankfort, who, besides the Sheriff, was guarded by several able-bodied men, who had come along for their expenses, the Sheriff pocketing the difference between them and the large amount allowed by the State. There are hundreds of other leakages that need stopping and which should be looked into, and we will take occasion to notice them between now and the adjournment of the Legislature.

The Glasgow Times, having been slightly bitten by the "New York Furnishing Co.," warns its exchanges against accepting an advertisement from the bogus concern. If all newspapers would be as honest as the Times and show up such swindlers for the benefit of publishers, it would be a great help to those who are silly enough to accept every checky offer that Yankee ingenuity can invent. In this connection we will say to the Anderson News that it is love's labor lost to print any thing that "Ash & Robbins" may send. They are scamps of the worst sort, who make their living by duping the public and swindling publishers who are "too fresh" to see into their game.

It is now said that the petite and pretty Lotta, whose winning manners on the stage have set so many young men crazy, under the supposition that she was a maiden, fancy free, has a husband in the person of one Erhard Zapf, of San Francisco, who has put in a claim against her for \$4,000 to help support their three little children. It is no wonder Lotta did not change her name; Crabtree is bad enough, but Zapf—well, let that pass.

NEWSPAPER NEWS.—W. LaRue Thomas, of the Advocate, will commence the publication of a Masonic paper at Danville on New Year's day. Hon. M. T. Carpenter, State Senator, and Hon. John C. Cooper, formerly of Stanford, will take charge of the Shelby Sentinel office on the 1st of January.

The special Court of Appeals appointed to try the appeal of Tom Buford, convicted of the murder of Judge Elliott, has rendered an opinion reversing the decision of the lower tribunal. One of the Court, Hon. L. D. Husbands, disagreed with the other two members and presented a dissenting opinion. The grounds of reversal are: that the lower court erred in not continuing the case when asked to do so because of the absence of a great many witnesses; that it improperly excluded the evidence of Gale and Keller, medical experts, and because of an instruction requiring the defendant to prove his insanity to the full satisfaction of the jury. Governor Blackburn should now pardon Mr. Buford. He is the subject of a wilful persecution and a malicious prosecution, which the most wonderful philanthropist that the world ever produced should put an end to at once.

The patent reversing machine at Frankfort decided thirty-one appeals on the 24 day of this month by reversing the judgments in twenty-two of them. This might be supposed to prove one of two things: that we have the most learned Court of Appeals in the world, or a lot of the most consummate asses that ever lived for Circuit and Common Pleas Judges; but it does not. The fault is with the higher Court, which, as Brother Hopper, of the Lebanon Standard, would say, is entirely "too d—n technical."

The last rail on the Cincinnati Southern was laid at 8 o'clock on Tuesday night last, and a special train was run through to Chattanooga. The meeting point of the two sets of track layers was in Robbins' Tunnel, 218 miles from Cincinnati. It will take some time yet to surface up the track and render it safe for regular trains, but the work, and the credit due to the men in which they have pushed the work, and for getting a connection twenty-four days ahead of their contract time.

Gov. JOHN C. UNDERWOOD's new paper, the Bowling Green Intelligencer, fills in nearly every essential particular our idea of a model newspaper, and is a crown of glory to his wonderful enterprise. The Governor's good sense was admirably displayed in the selection of his assistants, in the persons of Emmett G. Logan and E. Polk Johnson, newspaper men of wide acquaintance and writers of distinguished ability, and the Intelligencer can but grow into the highest popular esteem.

SOME TIME since, the Legislature of Wisconsin abolished the death penalty on account of numerous petitions from philanthropists, who think a murderer too good to be hung, and the result is that murder and other hideous crimes have become rampant, so the approaching Legislature will be asked to restore the gallows to its proper place in the punishment of crime.

Col. Mosby, the Confederate guerrilla, who sought office and patronage immediately after the war from the government he had tried to wipe out, is now reaping the reward of his cur-like action. He has been removed from the Shanghai Consulate, because of his charges against the Chinese Consul, Bailey, and one Denny, of Oregon, is appointed in his place.

The weather acted as quite a dampener on the Grant business at Louisville, but things went off passably well.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

A prominent South Carolina politician has declared for Grant and Bayard.

Mr. Ley, a Democratic Congressman from Missouri, died in Washington last Monday of apoplexy.

S. & A. Rosenbaum, a dry goods firm in Louisville, has made an assignment. Liabilities, \$60,000. Assets not far below.

The only appropriation outside of the regular appropriations to be made this winter, will be \$2,500,000 for the taking of the Census.

A brother of the late Supreme Judge Elliott has been convicted of "moonshining" and is serving out his sentence in the Covington Jail.

Harry Hulse, an inhuman fiend, convicted of the rape of a little girl, has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for life by a Cincinnati Court.

Cincinnati Mayor McCarty has been confirmed by the Senate as Judge of the Eighth Circuit. Ex-Senator Ramsey will be appointed to the Secretaryship.

The Court of Appeals has decided that a Sheriff or his sureties can not urge a bankrupt notice in settlement of a debt due the State or General Government.

Mr. Clarkson N. Potter is still quite positive that he was elected and will be counted in as Lieutenant Governor of New York. The count will be completed to-day.

Owing to the great demand for one cent bronze pieces the Philadelphia Mint turned out over 3,000,000 pieces of that denomination last month, and the demand still continues.

Yanberlitt is said to own \$10,000,000 in four per cent. Government bonds, on which he draws an interest of \$400,000 yearly. He also owns \$35,000,000 in stock of the N. Y. Central R. R.

An individual, calling himself James Hewitt, from Clay county, was in town one day last week in great distress. He said that his wife had left him a few months before, and had taken off his only horse and \$45 in money, every cent he had on earth. The lady was at George Sanbrook's at Livingston, and refused to see her husband, who had followed her on foot. His horse was locked up in Sanbrook's stable, and the proprietor refused to surrender the possession to him. He cared little for the horse, however. He wanted a writ of delivery, or something of that sort, for his wife, and he especially wanted that \$45. After being told that his case was a hopeless one, he started on foot towards "Indiana."

An idiot named Weaver, has introduced a bill in Congress to distribute \$300,000 of the public money in paying the soldiers and sailors the difference between gold and greenbacks during the time of their service in the late war.

Speaking of Grant, the Frankfort Freeman says: There are no considerations of policy which would induce a people, upon whose pride the spiked heel of this ruffian has left its mark, to offer him any recognition as an equal patriot or a social peer.

Samuel M. Barlow, of New York, has filed a suit in the U. S. Court at Louisville against Mrs. Mary Arnold, wife of the late Philip Arnold, of diamond fame, and ex-entrpreneur of his last will for \$150,000. The amount is for cash, alleged to have been fraudulently obtained, with interest since 1872.

A colored woman in Louisville has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for swearing she was the mother of a minor colored girl to enable her to get marriage license. If she has had the precaution to get evidence she will, however, have no trouble in getting the judgment of the Court set aside by the man who says he is running the affairs of this State to suit himself.

Judge Buckner has reported a bill requiring the reserve of the National Banks to be kept in standard gold and silver coins of the United States, in lieu of lawful money. The main object of the bill is to effect distribution throughout the country of a considerable proportion of coin that has accumulated in the United States Treasury and incidentally to release the corresponding amount of legal-tender notes now kept by Banks as part of their reserve.

CASEY COUNTY.

Middleburg.—Prof. W. A. Wilmington's second term in penmanship and business forms is now in session.

Mr. T. J. Perdue, of Lancaster, has placed a very neat monument over the grave of the late Enoch Burdett.

Mrs. Wm. Cloyd is quite sick with chronic pneumonia. Mr. W. F. Napier, of Liberty, is hourly expected to die.

Benjamin Floyd, of the Mt. Olive neighborhood, died last Saturday night. Mr. Wm. E. Lucas' child died very suddenly on Monday morning last. It had been afflicted from birth.

A very serious accident occurred at Zimmerman's Saw Mill last Friday. John Smith had his hand saved almost off. Drs. J. T. Wesley and Ed. M. Estes, of this place, dressed his wound, and have some hopes of saving his hand.

LIBERTY.

W. T. Napier does not improve any. His physicians inform us that his death may be looked for at any time.

Billy Napier, and old colored citizen who has been about Liberty since the beginning of it, died of phthisis last Wednesday. Uncle Billy was 79 years old.

Dr. J. D. Donovan, a prominent physician of Mercer county, is soon to make Liberty his home. He will form a partnership with Dr. F. O. Young in the practice of medicine.

Messrs. Tabor & Stapp, whose blacksmith was destroyed by fire a short time since, have erected another a short distance from the site of the old one, and have just moved into it.

We are glad to see that our old friend, R. C. Warren, has so many friends in Casey. Since his last visit here we are satisfied that he will carry this county by a large majority. Most all of the substantial citizens are for him. They don't like the way Stone voted over in Pulaski.

The jury in the case of Sam Williams for the killing of Tom Burns could not agree, and were discharged on Saturday evening last. We were informed by several of the jury that nine were for a verdict of murder, two for manslaughter and one for acquittal. Williams was allowed bail in the sum of \$5,000, which he will give.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

St. Vernon.—The coal dealers at Pine Hill and Livingston, are loud in their complaints against the Railroad for its failure to furnish them with coal cars.

W. G. Hiett, of this county, and Mr. Soper, of Garrard, shipped to Louisville, from this place and Livingston, last Monday morning, two car loads of hogs.

A very successful meeting has just closed at the colored Christian Church at this place. Eld. John Middleton was the preacher, and he succeeded in some two weeks in winning 30 souls to Christ. In Church now numbers about 70 members, and is still growing.

The meetings of Eld. J. Stanley at the Christian Church, continue, and the interest is unabated. Indeed it is certainly increasing. Since my report last week, there have been 27 additions, making 37 additions in all as the immediate result of the meetings to this time (Tuesday night). Last Sunday night the Church was crowded with the largest audience that ever assembled at a meeting in St. Vernon. The subject of the discourse was "The Secret of Human Happiness," and for an hour, Eld. Stanley held his listeners with the closest attention, while he portrayed the happiness of the Christian here and hereafter. That much more good may be done by these meetings is devoutly to be wished.

A report reached here Monday, to the effect that some low-lived fiend, who had not the fear of the Penitentiary before his eyes, but who was probably instigated by the Great Reversing Council, seduced the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, had feloniously broken into John Pittman's stable in Laurel county, last Friday night, and stolen therefrom a horse, the property of Hon. R. M. Bradley. The scamp who has sunk so low in the awful depths of degradation that he would steal the property of so clever and genial a gentleman as Col. Bradley, deserves no quarter. He should be hung to the nearest limb, and afterwards roasted over a slow fire. The Elliott county Regulators are requested to take notice of the matter.

An individual, calling himself James Hewitt, from Clay county, was in town one day last week in great distress. He said that his wife had left him a few months before, and had taken off his only horse and \$45 in money, every cent he had on earth. The lady was at George Sanbrook's at Livingston, and refused to see her husband, who had followed her on foot. His horse was locked up in Sanbrook's stable, and the proprietor refused to surrender the possession to him. He cared little for the horse, however. He wanted a writ of delivery, or something of that sort, for his wife, and he especially wanted that \$45. After being told that his case was a hopeless one, he started on foot towards "Indiana."

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In 1877, Jesse Tyree, of this county, was adjudged to be a lunatic, but the officers of the Asylum refused to receive him, because the testimony tended to show that his lunacy was the result of Epilepsy. Since that time Tyree has been wandering about living with his relatives, to whom he was a source of great trouble and annoyance. Finally, becoming uncontrollable, he was, last week, by order of Judge McClure, sent in charge of Sheriff Albright, to the Lexington Asylum. After considerable quibbling, the officers consented to receive him.

PERSONAL.—Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Carter, of Broadhead, left Monday, for Lexington, to attend a meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Grange. Mr. J. L. Whitehead, one of our most worthy and popular young men, returned home last week from Lexington, where he has been attending the Commercial College. All are glad to welcome him back. Mr. J. J. Williams, J. K. McClary, Esq., Dr. J. J. Brown and Willis Adams, Jr., are in Louisville this week, taking in the Grant "boom." Messrs. John Baughman and Smith Baughman, of Stanford, were in town last Sunday. Misses Sallie Green and Mollie Brooks, two bright little beauties from Crab Orchard, returned home last week.

ALL SORTS.—M. F. Brinkley has gone to house-keeping in his new home. He doesn't intend to marry for a while, yet, however. John McClary has enhanced the beauty of his residence by erecting a portico. Dr. McKee has moved into his new office on Main Street, opposite the Post-office. The religious workers disinterestedly to some of the drug-gift certificates are not in demand so much as they were. There is considerable sickness in the community. R. Hackney and Ad. Myers are both quite low, the latter with Consumption. Shall we have a Christmas Tree in Mount Vernon this year? It's time the matter was talked of. A good number of the mountain Republicans passed through here this week on their way to Louisville, to see "the man on horse-back."

Last Friday night, at half-past ten o'clock, Mr. Robert Baugh, a well-known citizen, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a pistol at his home, in London, Ky. He was in bed at the time, and his wife was lying asleep at his side. Death was instantaneous, the ball having crashed its way through the brain. On the morning of that day, Mon. M. J. Cook, of this county, a brother-in-law of Baugh, had received a letter from the latter, in which he told Cook that he intended to kill himself the next day at two o'clock. Mr. Cook immediately started to London, hoping to arrive there in time to prevent the tragedy. He stopped at the river that night, and the next morning after he had renewed his journey, was met by a messenger who brought the sad tidings of Baugh's death the night before. Mr. Baugh was about 32 years of age, and he leaves a wife and four small children to mourn his untimely death. No cause for his rash act is known. He was for ten years employed in the Revenue service of the United States, acting as Gauger until about two years ago, since which time he acted as Deputy Collector for this District. He was upright and honest, and his friends here confidently assert that he is all right in his accounts. He was a bold, fearless man, and while he was gauger frequently acted as guide to the U. S. Deputy Marshals in their raids after "moonshiners." By this means he incurred the bitter hatred of the latter, and only a few months ago his barn and some stock were burned one night by incendiaries, presumably moonshiners. They had also threatened to take his life, and for several years he was compelled to go armed and keep constantly on his guard. All the time he dreaded the bullet of a recent spell of sickness from which he had suffered, may have unbalanced his mind and drove him to the commission of his great crime. The tragic affair has thrown quite a gloom over that community.

WAYNE COUNTY.

Monticello.—Summer-like weather continues to render the manufacture of spare-ribs and sausages hazardous.

An infant child of Mr. James J. Richardson is quite ill of congestion of the brain. It is not expected to recover.

The town district school closed on Friday last. Miss Sallie McConneigh had been "teaching the young ladies," &c., in that institution.

The advance in the price of hogs has created quite a stir amongst our speculators. The result is that the supply is nearly exhausted in this region. Bacon and lard will be scarce here next season.

There has been a rise in the Cumberland River, but not sufficient yet to justify steamboat navigation for a few days.

Has upon its brick residence with six rooms and brick kitchen and cellar. It is, perhaps, the best built residence in Lincoln Co. All necessary outbuildings; good orchard; good dairy; 2 never-failing springs on the premises. All under good fence, neatly new. About 100 acres in blue-grass and timothy. A beautiful home in a desirable neighborhood. Call and see it.

JOSEPH BALLOU.

HARRIS & NUNNELLEY

KEEP ON HAND

A VERY SELECT LINE

Groceries, Provisions, Fresh Meats, Canned Goods, Vegetables, &c., &c.

They will pay cash or goods for all kinds of Barter.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

LAND, STOCK, CROP, &c.

I will sell to the highest and best bidder,

On Thursday, December 18th,

1879, the Farm on which I now reside, lying in the suburbs of Hustonville and containing

130 ACRES OF VERY RICH LAND;

20 acres of which are sown in wheat, 15 in rye and the remainder well set in flax, clover, &c. The farm is supplied with never-failing water; is convenient to churches and fine schools; is, in fact, the best little farm in the County. This tract includes the following:—

20 3-year-old Cattle, weighing about 1,400 lbs.; 23 Good Yearling Cattle; 35 Extra Good 21 Shorthorn; 2 Good Milk Cows; 1 Extra Saddle Mare; 1 2-horse Wagon and Harness; Farm Implements; about 150 bbls. of Corn, cribbed, and about 500 Shocks of Fodder.

Terms will be made known on day of sale.

J. C. JOHNSTON.

HOME AFFAIRS.

—BY—

Securance & Daddar.

Everything in order for the Fall and Winter trade. Our stock is now complete in every department.

Irish linens, table damask, towels, crash, &c.

Felt skirts and shawls for ladies and children.

We call special attention to our kid and Berlin gloves.

New stock of carpets and oil cloths, window shades, &c.

Ladies' gents' and children's underwear at popular prices.

White and gray blankets in 10-4 and 11-4 at very low prices.

Zephyr shawls, muffs, hoods and socks, in a variety of styles and prices.

Our stock of prints were selected with great care; we have all the newest styles out.

Red, gray and white twilled flannel—plain, white, red, grey, Shaker and plaid flannels.

Ladies will find the best assorted stock of Dress Goods in our house to be found in the city.

We have a large and elegant line of ladies', gentlemen's and children's hosiery, in all grades and colors.

Our stocking yarns are from the Lexington Woolen Mills, pronounced by knitters the smoothest and best yarn in the market.

We desire to call the especial attention of the ladies to our handsome stock of cloaks and dalmags, very elegant and cheap.

Rubber shoes, Arctic overboots for women and children. Men's rubber boots—just the thing for farmers, who are compelled to be out in the mud and snow.

Brown and bleached cottons, nine and ten-quarter sheeting, pillow case cotton, cheviote cotton, plaid, apron checks, drilling, &c.—in fact, every thing in staple cottons.

We have made a special effort to have our stock of Trimmings complete. You will find black and colored silks, black and colored satins, Pekin stripes, black silk, velvet, velveteen, &c., &c.

Canton flannels, 1,000 yards brought July 1st, since which time they have advanced from one to two and a half cents per yard. We propose to give our customers the advantage of our early purchase.

Come at last—those extra fine home-made boots, with topsoles. Many of our customers have been wearing the same kind of boots for twelve months. Every pair warranted. Look at them.

In clothing, we can say without fear of contradiction that we have the best and cheapest stock ever offered to the people of Lincoln, buying direct from the largest manufacturers in the United States. It is conceded by every one at all familiar with the clothing trade, that clothing made in Cincinnati is designed to and does fit the Southern people better than clothing made elsewhere. In full worsted suits, we offer some exceedingly nice goods. Our low-priced suits are cut in the latest fashion, nicely trimmed, well made, and have all the appearance of finer goods. In overcoats, we have every thing, from a cheap Sateen up to the finest Chinchilla or English worsted. In boys and youths' suits—we simply ask you to examine, feeling sure you will buy.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SITUATION WANTED.

A young man of experience desires a position as a clerk or a farmer. Any one wishing such a person will please address T. R. WALTON, JR., 404-2.

NOTICE!

All persons having claims against the estate of A. Huston, dec'd., are hereby notified to present them, properly proved, to the undersigned, on or before the 1st day of January, 1880, before the undersigned Adm'r of said estate, at his residence, 404-2.

CHAS. D'ALGERY.

MILLINERY

—BY—

Mrs. Warren & Mrs. Bruce,

Main Street,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Timber and Stave Land for Sale

We are agents for C. J. Freeman to sell two tracts of land, situated in Lincoln Co. One tract of 420 acres is near King's Mountain Tunnel; the other, a tract of 200 acres is near the Falls Station. The lands are heavily timbered with large forest trees—oak, chestnut, poplar, &c., and are specially valuable as both tracts are covered with saw timber.

J. S. & W. H. HOKER.

Stanford, Nov. 15, 1879.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE.

I will sell, on easy terms, my farm, situated two miles from Stanford, on the Danville Turnpike. It contains 127 ACRES.

Has upon its brick residence with six rooms and brick kitchen and cellar. It is, perhaps, the best built residence in Lincoln Co. All necessary outbuildings; good orchard; good dairy; 2 never-failing springs on the premises. All under good fence, neatly new. About 100 acres in blue-grass and timothy. A beautiful home in a desirable neighborhood. Call and see it.

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They will pay cash or goods for all kinds of Barter.

PUBLIC SALE

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I will sell to the highest and best bidder,

On Thursday, December 18th,

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your wall-paper from Chemnitz & Penny.
New stock of pocket-knives at Chemnitz & Penny's.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded at Chemnitz & Penny's.
Chemnitz & Penny have a complete stock of School Books, Slates, Pencils, Pens, &c.

Go to McRoberts & Stagg for Shot-bags, Game-bags, Powder-bags, and hunters' supplies generally.
Buy a pair of Genuine Fiddle Spectacles from Chemnitz & Penny. Warranted—Price only \$3.50.

A New Sewing Machine can be purchased at a large discount by applying to Miss Mary Logan, Stanford, Ky.

McRoberts & Stagg will now sell you the finest Powder and best Shot and Caps in town at the lowest market price.

Is your clock out of order? Take it to Chemnitz & Penny and have it repaired. Prices low and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS have just received a splendid new lot of Ladies' and Children's Shoes made by Ziegler Bros., and are authorized to warrant every pair.

WANTED.—A good school, male or female. Eight years experience. Sufficient reference offered. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, M. D. Hughes, Stanford, Ky.

We keep on hand a large stock of Shot-guns, Double and Single Muzzle Loaders, and Double and Single Muzzle Loaders of the finest make. McRoberts & Stagg.

Who has not been annoyed by a cough in the throat? It is a very common complaint, and is caused by a dryness of the throat, which can be cured by using a good throat lozenge.

Do you ever notice how terribly a beauty of the blonde type can disappoint one? At a little distance we only see the shining aureole of hair, and the imagination, with its soft touch, is quick to complete the picture with a complexion as velvety as the heart of a rose, and as pure as snow.

But on close proximity the picture loses its brightness if we discover traces of a diseased liver, which can be corrected by using Portaine, or Faber's Vegetable Liver Powder. Price 50 cents, at McRoberts & Stagg's.

McRoberts & Stagg's.
—Mr. and Mrs. R. P. GARNHAM, of Louisville, were here this week.

—Miss MARY BURNELL, of Lancaster, is a guest of the Misses Brady.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. J. CAMPBELL, of St. Alexander, Hotel, Louisville.

—The ASHER OVERLAY and wife have taken room at the Mrs. M. H. HARRIS.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. ANTHONY are on a visit to friends in New Albany, Ind.

—This office is indebted to Miss Leticia Beasley for a couple of her wedding cake.

—JAMES L. C. ALCOCK is acting as Railroad Agent in the absence of Mr. Anthony.

—Miss BELLE WINGATE, of Franklin county, is a guest of her brother, Dr. Steward.

—Mr. E. H. HITCHCOCK, of Frenchburg, has gone to Paducah, Ky., to visit his children.

—Miss MARY OLIVER, a charming young lady of Paducah, is a guest of Mrs. John H. Miller.

—Col. THOMAS L. JONES, of the Court of Appeals, was registered at the St. Anns on Tuesday.

—Miss BETTIE BLAYLOCK, of Pine Hill, accompanied by Mr. W. A. BARNES, were here this week.

—Miss DORIS CARPENTER has returned from a visit to her brother, Dr. Jas. G. Carpenter, at Crab Orchard.

—SAM M. BURNETT passed through town Monday on his way to Lancaster to visit the bedside of his sick mother.

—Mr. W. H. HENNING, of Camp Dick, has been in Lincoln several days looking for fine horse stock.

—Miss ANNE BURNHAM, a bright little beauty from Crab Orchard, was the guest of Miss Patten McKimsey this week.

—Mrs. D. H. EDMONDSON and children left yesterday for a protracted visit to her father, Dr. B. S. Friable, at Monticello.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. BUCKNER, of Somerset, were in town this week, prospecting for the purchase of a farm in this vicinity.

—Another devil has been added to the Advertiser, and we congratulate Brother Miller, who will now be able to run his office without outside assistance.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. E. KIRKIN will have next week to be absent several months. Edie, going to his business home in Boston, and Mrs. E. to Harrodsburg.

—Messrs. Wm. GARNETT, of Versailles, and Arch Woods, of Nicholasville, were here on a visit to their old schoolmates, Thos. P. Hill, Jr., and Joe B. Paxton, this week.

—JAMES J. A. LYTLE, Col. Robert Blair, and Messrs. A. W. WATSON and J. N. DAVIS, stalwarts, every one of them, were Stanford's only representatives at the Grand blow out at Louisville.

—The Roll of Honor is lengthened this week by the following names: James S. Holtzclaw, Hottel, Texas; W. B. Holtzclaw, Frank Walton, and John Sulphur, J. G. Lynn, Hail Gap; G. W. Gentry, Wm. Burton, Stanford; W. H. Albright, S. P. Purcell, Utah Albright, Mr. Verme; Major M. J. Wells, Shelby City; James H. Burton, a candidate for State Librarian, who we are glad to know, very flattering assurance of election. She is indeed a most elegant and accomplished lady, and one who would do honor to the position she seeks, as well as to the State at large.

NEW CARPETS and Oil Cloth at McAllister and Lytle's.
TREKES and Valises just received at McAllister & Lytle's.
NEW STYLE fringed window-shade in all colors at McAllister & Lytle's.
NEW STORE.—J. A. Moore & Co. have opened a drug store at King's Mountain Tunnel.
AFTER a week of rainy, muddy weather, it is getting gloriously cold. Not a single snow so far.
DEATH.—The infant child of Mr. B. Mattingly, whose illness was mentioned in our last issue, has since died.
FOR LIFE.—The Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the Madison Circuit Court in the case of George Mitchell, who was sent up for life for killing Patrick Sweeney, several months ago.
THE GRANT ROOM.—Thanks to the good sense of our people has not extended to Stanford. But four persons, all Republicans, went from here to the big blow-out at Louisville, notwithstanding the inducements of half fare, and the rights of a city in holiday array.

CIRCUIT COURT.—Judge M. H. Overly will hold a special term of his Court here, beginning next Tuesday, for the trial of such Equity cases as may be agreed upon.

SCHOOLS OUT OF PLACE.—Uncle Tommy Hill, who lives near Halls Gap, fell while fencing on a hill side Wednesday, and dislocated his shoulder. Dr. Craig was called and soon had the old gentleman in proper position.

HUNG.—The Jury in Sam M. Williams' case for the murder of Sam Burns, were out twenty-four hours, and being unable to agree, were discharged. They stood, it is said, three for acquittal, four for two years in the Penitentiary, three for ten, and two for twenty-one years. Bail has been given at \$5,000.

UNTIL the 15th of January, 1880, the notes and accounts of Warren & Evans will be found with Geo. D. Warren, after that time they will be placed in the hands of some one of more permanent power. One, two, or three years' time will not be tolerated in the settlement of our business. Such leniency need not be expected.

Oil.—In boring a well on the premises of which Hale's noted Medical Well is situated, Mr. J. Mac Smith struck at a depth of 40 feet, a vein of water and also a vein of oil, the latter proving to be of the quality of the best lubricating oil. The capacity of the stream is about a gallon an hour, at present, but it is thought that the yield will be greatly increased by boring deeper which will be done.

NOT THE MAN.—In answer to a paragraph addressed to us in this week's Somerset Reporter, we state emphatically that Mr. W. C. Owens is not the author of the letter from his town that appeared in the Interior Journal of last week—nor any other Owens here. We don't suppose Brother Owens has even the slightest idea of our Somerset correspondence. That it is a secret that shall be guarded by us with the closest care.

DON'T WAIT.—Some people are slow to purchase their goods for winter until late in the season, thinking they can then buy them for less money. This is a poor plan. The time to buy is now, as goods are advancing in price all the time in the wholesale markets. Our friends, the Hayden Brothers, buy their goods for cash, and sell them regardless of the advance to all who will apply now. Their ready-made clothing, suits, dress goods for ladies, boots and shoes, and in fact, everything they keep for sale, is offered at the lowest possible prices. Try them this week.

SPRAGGINS HEARD FROM.—James L. Spragins, who formerly ran a newspaper here, and who has been running his brazen face all his life, has turned up in Cincinnati, at all his tricks again. The last victim is James Scallen, a boot and shoe dealer, to whom he gave in payment of a purchase, a draft for \$27 on Spragins & Bros., an imaginary firm of this place. Cashier, John J. McRoberts, of course returned the draft, and Scallen has learned before this, that numerous people in Kentucky, Indiana and Iowa, have known for some time, that Spragins is the worst confidence man on the road. He has already served a term in the Indiana Penitentiary, but that fact does not seem to deter him in the least from the daily repetitions of the offense for which he suffered.

A GREAT NEED OF THE COUNTY.—The County Court at its last October term, appointed a committee to ascertain the price at which the owners of the Bruce Hotel would sell that property to the county, with directions to report to a special term in January next. We are not advised of the action that has been taken by the Committee, but presume it has discharged its duty and will be ready to report at the proper time. In anticipation of the question which will then come before the Court, we propose to give a few reasons why the property should be purchased by the county, provided the selling price is not extravagant. 1st. The combustible material of which the hotel is built is a constant menace to the security of the Court-house, the Jail and contiguous buildings. The county has incurred no inconsiderable expense in providing suitable buildings. The expenditure is profligate unless such precautionary measures are taken as will reasonably secure the investment from ultimate destruction. A fire policy is not the best method by far. Insurance can only be had at high rates, for two-thirds of the value of the property insured. In the event of destruction by fire, this is, of course, only partial indemnity; and when, as is often the case, the destruction is of a public prison and loss of lives, a mere pecuniary indemnity is no indemnity at all. No prudent man will build either a fine or substantial dwelling, and stick an ash-hopper in thirty feet of it. Yet the County Court is negligently suffering worse than this to be done by refusing to purchase and tear away a rickety old frame building, full of stove pipes, defective chimneys, full of fire places, and leaning obliquely, at a standing threat to the security of private and public records, as well as to the life and property of the county. It is not only authorized, but it has resolved to build one. The necessity of such an institution is confessed. Every good citizen wants to see one established. It will, if established, cut down public expenses amazingly. The thriffling loungers that are constantly committing petty offenses, only to be sent to jail to get free lodging and free rations, would then be compelled to work to pay the expense of their keeping. Working on the rock pile goes but a short way toward the accomplishment of this end. The long new stable of the Bruce Hotel can, with but little expense, be converted into a secure and commodious work-shop. It is in the rear of the Jail, and otherwise properly located. 3d. The hotel property could be torn away and the ground sold to lawyers, physicians, and other parties who are ready to purchase and give guarantees that they will build fire proof edifices. In this way, and by utilizing the stable for a work-house, the county will be at merely nominal expense in providing for the safety of its public buildings and public records. We have made it a point to talk to many of the citizens of the county, ranging through all classes, from the heaviest tax-payer down to the poor man, who has nothing but his head, and we find but one sentiment, and that is substantially expressed in the preceding lines. With one accord, they say that it is the duty of the county before them, and they should walk up to it, and then discharge it. They do not want to be building new jails and Court-houses, when the possibility of it can be avoided by a little thrift, foresight and small expense. We

therefore, urge, in the name of the people of the county, the Magistrate, to speedily action, reminding them that they are but servants of the public, whose will they are made known so unmistakably, should be promptly obeyed.

MARRIAGES.

—ALCOCK—FRANCIS.—On the 4th, Mr. John W. Alcock to Miss Ann Eliza Francis.

—SMITH—SMITH.—On the 11th, Mr. Chas. A. Smith, formerly of Virginia, to Miss Sarah E. Singleton.

—PERCE—REDD.—In the Clerk's office, on the 8th, by the Rev. J. S. Sims, Mr. John C. Perce and Miss Nancy Redd were joined into one flesh. This happy event has been in contemplation for some time, but a number of circumstances combined against the loving pair. In the first place, Perce's former wife had to be gotten rid of by the slow process of divorce governing such matters in Kentucky, and when at length the bonds were put asunder and Perce was about to step forth a free man, the cruel officers of the law seized him for some trivial offense, and he was forced to do penance on the rock pile for forty and two days. During his retirement from society, his loving Nancy attended him with marked regularity—and many a ginger cake took the place of the rough prison fare. A week ago Perce was discharged, and after a day or two, he and his blushing, lovely Nancy were made one as afore-said. Miss Nancy is a well-known character of singular prepossessing appearance, and is possessed of a son large enough to make the fire and do many other jobs for his new papa, whom we congratulate on having so good a star in his family.

—MILLER—PORTMAN.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. W. C. Portman, on Tuesday evening last, Mr. H. C. Miller, Esq., and Miss Katherine B. Portman were united in marriage by Rev. J. M. Bruce, in the presence of a very large assemblage of relatives and friends. The attendants were Mr. Samuel Harris and Miss Mattie Paxton; Mr. J. W. Hayden and Miss Bettie Paxton, who, with a number of invited guests, accompanied the pair immediately after the ceremony, to Lancaster, where a reception was given them by Mrs. Dr. W. H. Pettus, a sister of the groom. Wednesday they returned to Stanford, where, after numerous dinings are given them by their friends, they will settle down at the Myers House. The friends of the bride is very elegant, having been made by a noted modiste of Louisville, and the numerous bridal presents are both costly and useful. Mr. Miller, the happy groom, is one of the best County Attorneys in the State, and as a lawyer, is rapidly rising to high prominence in his profession, while his lovely bride is known for modesty, extreme amiability of disposition and other admirable traits that go to adorn the female character. The warmest good wishes of the INTERIOR JOURNAL are hereby extended to them.

RELIGIOUS.

—Dr. Lovick Pierce preached 11,000 sermons during his ministry.

—Rev. J. S. Sims will preach at Willow Grove School-house next Sunday, at 2 p. m.

—Mr. W. B. Cloyd will preach at the Christian Church next Sunday at eleven o'clock.

—Rev. Wm. Crow was detained at home last Sunday by sickness in his family, but the pulpit was filled by Rev. E. M. Green, of Danville, who preached two instructive discourses.

—Mr. Jos. H. Hopper, agent of the American Sunday School Union, delivered an interesting address to the children at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday afternoon. He is a very earnest worker in the cause, and has done great good for it in various parts of the State. We are glad to know that he was pleased with his collection here.

—A letter from Mrs. Barnes to Miss Belle Root, says that there have been, to the 4th, 330 confessions at her husband's meeting at Jackson. The Commonwealth's Attorney for that District, several lawyers, and four of the most desperate prisoners being among the number. The meeting has closed there, and Mr. Barnes is now in Campbell, Wolfe county.

—Mr. B. Van Arsdale has presented to Mrs. S. C. Truett, President of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Kentucky Conference of the M. E. Church, South, for the auxiliary branch of the Society at Stanford, six handsome engraved certificates of life membership in the old Missionary Society, of various persons, some of whom have passed away. The pictures will ornament the walls of the Methodist Church, where the Society meets, and it is hoped their appropriate and silent influence may be productive of good.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—John H. Jones sold to Thos. E. Woods 36 cattle, averaging 1,020 lbs., at 3 cents.

—Miles sold to L. O. Lingo, Ga., at from \$50 to \$150, and horses at \$70 to \$145 per head.

—An Ohio county man made 700 gallons of Sorghum from a crop sown on 2½ acres of ground.

—A short time ago J. W. McAllister sold a farm of 150 acres on the Olive St. road, seven miles from St. Louis, Mo., for \$10,000.

—J. W. McAllister sold to Faulkner Holmes, 102 acres of land, one mile from Crab Orchard, on the Railroad, at \$41.50 per acre.

—J. C. Barclay, of this county, had five Cotswold sheep, worth \$10 each, killed by dogs a few nights since.—[Bowling Green Intelligencer.]

—George W. Alford has purchased 16 mules from sundry parties at prices ranging from \$50 to \$85. He also purchased a lot of 150-lb hogs at 3¢.

—J. W. McAllister, as President of the National Bank, sold to John K. Baughman, 96 acres of the Kavanaugh Farm, strong farm, near Hustonville, for \$2,500.

—STRAYED.—From the farm of Geo. W. Alford, near McKinney Station, a 4-year-old bay mule, 14 hands high, with one eye out. A reward will be paid for its return or for information concerning it.

—Good hogs would command 4¢ cents at home, but unfortunately there are none left in Lincoln, and it is thought by many that the greater portion of those that were shipped from here will have to be brought back in the shape of bacon.

—The total production of precious metals for the fiscal year 1879 is estimated by the Directors of the United States Mint to be in value \$73,712,000—\$38,900,000 being in gold and \$34,812,000 in silver. The consumption of gold for manufacturing purposes averages seven millions of dollars' worth, and silver of five millions' worth.

—To Saturday last 2,092,846 hogs hogs had been put at 61 packing points against 1,983,914 for the corresponding period of last year.

—W. H. H. Robinson, of Garrard, bought of John H. Jones, for \$250, his blood-slay yearling filly, Allie D., purchased by him at Hunt's sale, near Lexington, recently. He also bought of Jesse Dunn, of Garrard, one yearling stud colt, for \$150.

—LEXINGTON COURT.—Six hundred cattle were on the streets Monday, the greater number of which were sold at prices ranging from \$4.25 to \$4.40. Broke mules sold at \$75 to \$120, and 200 unbroke mules went at \$65 to \$75 per head; common horses, \$15 to \$50. No hogs were offered, the day being quite mild, but the price at present ranges from \$4.25 to \$4.40. With the weather for slaughtering, the price would reach \$4.50. The prospect is that they will be worth \$5 before Christmas.

—LOUISVILLE.—Owing to light receipts all grades of cattle have advanced from 15¢ to 25¢ over last week's prices. The demand, however, is limited. Good to extra shippers are quoted at 2½ to 4½; best butchers, 3½ to 2½; shippers and feeders, 2½ to 3½; light steers, 2½ to 2½; thin steers and poor cows, 1½ to 1½. The warm weather has rendered the hog market dull. The bulk of sales are made at \$4.70 to \$4.75, the extreme range being \$4.50 to \$4.80. Sheep are in demand at 3¢ to 4¢ for extra; common, 2¢ to 3¢.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Engleman's Mill.

—Our town was not represented in the Grant boom.

—Mrs. Catherine Blackerby killed two hogs that tipped the beam at 800 pounds.

—Mr. Bob Farris killed a hawk last Tuesday that measured four feet eight inches from tip to tip.

—There is a young gentleman of this neighborhood that is very much annoyed by haunts. When he goes a calling he can never find his horse hitched where he left it.

—PERSONAL.—Miss Nora Murphy, of Stanford, made our town a flying visit on Saturday evening last. Mr. Strother Yeager went to Louisville this week to buy furniture for his new mansion.

—There will be an entertainment of some kind at New Providence Christmas night—either a supper or a Christmas Tree.

The little folks are looking forward with anxious hearts for Santa Claus' arrival.

There was a light snow falling about through the field of Mr. Ben Eubanks a few nights ago. It appeared to be some body traveling through with a lantern, but upon examination the next morning there was found a hole dug in the ground some two or three feet deep and a box taken out. It is thought that some person had money hid there.

A difficulty occurred on the streets of Dalton a few evenings ago between Spannum and John Alexander. The latter gentleman had been imbibing pretty freely of corn-juice, and began to abuse Spannum and made at him with his knife drawn. Spannum struck at him with a chair, but Alexander caught the chair in one hand and was trying to use his knife with the other. Spannum saw that fact did not seem to deter him in the least from the daily repetitions of the offense for which he suffered.

—A letter from Mrs. Barnes to Miss Belle Root, says that there have been, to the 4th, 330 confessions at her husband's meeting at Jackson. The Commonwealth's Attorney for that District, several lawyers, and four of the most desperate prisoners being among the number. The meeting has closed there, and Mr. Barnes is now in Campbell, Wolfe county.

—Mr. B. Van Arsdale has presented to Mrs. S. C. Truett, President of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Kentucky Conference of the M. E. Church, South, for the auxiliary branch of the Society at Stanford, six handsome engraved certificates of life membership in the old Missionary Society, of various persons, some of whom have passed away. The pictures will ornament the walls of the Methodist Church, where the Society meets, and it is hoped their appropriate and silent influence may be productive of good.

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BOYLE COUNTY.

Danville.

—Ferguson, Kennedy & Co. bought of Wood & Harris, of Boyle, 30 fat cattle, at \$4.25—averaging 1,532 lbs.

—Common B's are Court will convene on Monday, 15th inst., with 34 appearances on docket—3 divorce suits among the number.

—Mr. DeRoode, with assistance, gave a Concert of singular sounds at James Hall, on Tuesday night. The audience was more select than extensive.

A lecture will be delivered at the Chapel of Bell Seminary, Friday next, at 7 p. m., by Dr. Edwards—Subject—The Fine Arts. This is the first of a series for this Winter to be delivered by various literary men about town—John S. Van Winkle emphatically among the number.

—On Monday, a man about 50 years of age, named Cox, took a dose of strychnine and died in convulsions. He came from Indiana, and has been stopping with Jas. Gar, a farmer on Salt River in this county, where he died. His corpse was sent upon by Squire Spears, and the inquest developed the above facts.

—Ed Snalley paid \$10 to the Police Court for raising a row with Reuben Wallace on Sunday evening. Billy Talbot for disorderly conduct, went to the work-house for 20 days. Whenever the officers are a little idle they go and hunt up old Billy and are upon him like an avenging shadow if he deviates in the least from the path that good niggers tread.

—Gobbie, gobbie, gobbie, they all gobbie. The Arabs and the Aristocrat, the small and the smaller boy, the dorkie and the fish-man, all seem to overflow with this meaningless nonsense. It has neither rhythm nor jingle, but it is counted a professor who can make it most sonorous. But what does it mean? Is it a byword or a cry-word? A signal, a sign, or a symbol? I have asked it of the winds and of the women—that wear surcingle. In my desperation I have shrieked it to the silence—"What is gobbie?" And for answer, comes the echo—gobbie. Later and like "sunshine in a storm," I learn that it is to wit some of our merchants who have gone completely out of their line to buy all the turkeys in the country—then they were selling at 35 cents in Boston—now sell at 8 cents, and are swelling at that.

—PERSONAL.—Gen. S. S. Fry wants to be Supervisor of the Census for this District, and we hope he will get the appointment. He is as clever a Republican as can be found in a Summer's day. Dee Taylor has gone to Louisville, where he will probably reside hereafter. Tom Bell is back from Denver, and will remain until Spring, when he contemplates moving over with his family. Messrs. J. W. McPherson, Walter Wesley and Frank Fithian are on the sick list. Mr. Annie O. Cook, candidate for State Librarian, was in Danville, on Saturday. She is an estimable lady, and we would love to see her elected, but are afraid there is too much Yellow Fever in office now. Prof. W. K. Arbill, of Columbia College, has been visiting in the county. Cohn, the Clothier, and Mary, of the Advocate, together sing "the sweet boy and boy." The late Tom Burns, of Casey county, would have made a good Governor—you would have to ask him three times for a pardon.

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 12, 1879.

AWFUL RAILROAD RACE.

Perished Down Tracks by Burning Oil Cars—Sixteen Miles in Less Than Twelve Minutes.

By a locomotive explosion on a Western railroad a few days ago the engineer, John Davison, was killed. Davison was one of the oldest engineers in the country, and was for several years on the Buffalo, Corry & Pittsburgh Railroad, where he had one of the most terrible experiences that has ever been recorded in the history of railroading. His death recalls that night of peril to every one in this part he discovered flames issuing from one of the oil cars. He whistled down brakes, and the coaches were cut loose from the oil cars, which were quickly uncoupled from the box car. The engineer then pulled on the box car to get out of the reach of the burning cars, in order to save the locomotive and the other car, in which were two valuable trotting horses and their keepers on their way to Cleveland. He supposed the brakemen would put the brakes on the oil cars, but in the excitement this was not done, and they followed the locomotive, gaining headway every moment. Before the engineer had taken in the situation, the oil cars, every one of them now ablaze, came dashing upon him around a curve. They crashed into the box car, knocking in one end of it, but, singularly enough, neither that nor any of the moving cars were thrown from the track by the collision. The engineer and fireman could have escaped all danger by abandoning the locomotive, but, as Davison said, when asked afterward why he did not pursue that course, they had of the State, although it has never ceased to be related in minutest details at all gatherings of railroad men where the dangers of the footboard have been the topic.

From Mayville Summit to Brocton Junction of the Lake Shore Road the distance is ten miles, but owing to the numerous sweeping curves in the railroad, the distance by rail is fourteen miles. The grade for that distance is nearly 80 feet to the mile. The Corry road extends into the Pennsylvania oil regions, and ten years ago carried large quantities of petroleum. On the night of August 17th, 1869, Davison's engine was at the summit with a train of one box car, six loaded oil cars, and two passenger cars. The box car was next to the locomotive, and the passenger cars were at the rear of the train. The engineer had started the train and it had attained a good head way, when \$20,000 worth of the Company's property in their charge, and they were determined to save it if possible.

According to the engineer's story of the incident, he saw that there was to be a race for life between him, with his engine, and the flaming cars uncontrolled. He said that when the oil cars struck the one in which the horses were the poor animals actually screamed with fright. The heat was unbearable. Davison pulled the throttle valve wide open, and he declared that they flew down the 80-foot grade so fast that the engine could not pump. The keepers in the car with the horses climbed up to the opening in the end of the car and with faces pale as death, begged the engineer to "give her more steam." They could see the blazing oil cars through the broken end of their car, and it seemed to them that the flames gained at every turn of the wheels. The engineer said that when he struck the sharp curves at the lightning speed at which he was going he expected that his engine would leave the track and be hurled down the mountain side. The night was very dark. The engine thundered along faster than any engine ever ran in this country before or since, through woods and deep rock cuts, and on the edge of high precipices. The horses were stamping and neighing with terror in the box car; and only a few feet in the rear was the flying mass of flame rushing down the mountain like a tremendous meteor. The blaze from the thousands of gallons of burning oil was more than 60 feet in height, and lighted up the woods and rocks and crooked road for miles. The whole heavens were illuminated, and from Brocton the sight of the great conflagration, apparently flying through the air, now hidden for a second by a cut or piece of woods and then leaping out again and up toward the sky like a huge fountain of fire, is described as having been awful in its grandeur.

The idea of Engineer Evison was to call for the opening of the switch for him at Brocton Junction, so that he could run on to the Lake Shore track, where he could soon get out of the way of the burning cars through their having lost the propelling power of the decline of the Summit grade. It happened, however, that the Cincinnati express on the Lake Shore road would be due at the junction, when Davison's engine reached there. To add to the terror of the situation, a west bound Lake Shore freight train was at that moment running to pass the junction before the arrival of the express. There was only one thing to do, and that was to whistle for a switch and take the chances of the freight getting out of the way, and the express being flagged or late. The engineer knew that he must have been seen from Brocton Junction, by the light of the burning oil, in his life or death race down the mountain, and the railroad men there understood the peril of the situation, and would be prompt to act. He whistled for open switch. He and his fireman then made each other good bye and awaited the result. The freight train gained the siding out of their way. The switch was opened, and they tore on up the Lake Shore track, past the depot and through the village, and were soon out of the way of the burning cars. The latter gradually came to a stop. The engine and box car were stopped within a hundred yards of the Lake Shore express, which was both late and signaled. When Davison and his fireman found they were out of danger, they waited on their engine. The horses in the box-car were ruined, and their keepers were taken from the car unconscious. The oil tanks burned for three hours after they were stopped. The most fortunate circumstance of the whole affair was the uncoupling of the passenger cars from the oil cars at the Summit. They were filled with passengers, and if they had remained with the burning tanks would have been wrapped in flames in a very short time, and there would have been no escape for the passengers from that horrible fate. It was just 9 o'clock when Davison pulled out from Mayville Summit. When he was taken from his engine, 16 miles from the starting point, it was not yet twelve minutes past the hour.

James Keenan, Davison's fireman, was killed about three years ago. He was on his engine, when he saw a child playing on the track some distance ahead. He ran out to the pilot, and, reaching over, caught the child and tossed it to the side of the track. He lost his balance, however, and fell in front of the locomotive, and was crushed to death.

To What Lengths an Inquiring Infant may Go.

To-day I sat in a car seat on the Lake Shore road, behind a pale, careworn lady, who was taking a little boy from Cleveland to Ashtabula. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and as every thing seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions.

"What is that, Auntie?" the little boy commenced, pointing to a heap of yellow corn.

"O, that's corn, dear," answered the care-worn lady.

"What is corn, Auntie?"

"Why, corn is corn, dear."

"But what is corn made of?"

"Why, corn is made of dirt and water and air."

"Who makes it?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does He make it in the daytime or in the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make corn on Sunday, Auntie?"

"O, I don't know. Do keep still, Freddy—that's dear! Auntie is tired."

And, after remaining quiet a moment, little Freddy broke out:

"Where do stars come from, Auntie?"

"I don't know; no body knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs, too?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me!"

A short silence, when Freddy broke out again:

"Fanny Mason says oxen is a owl, Auntie; is they?"

"O, perhaps so."

"I think a whale could lay eggs—don't you, Auntie?"

"O yes—I guess so!" said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"O, I guess so."

"Where?"

"O, I don't know! Do keep still, Freddy!" And the lady gave a sigh and looked out of the window.

A moment afterward Freddy looked out of the window and saw a man milking a cow.

"What is he doing to the cow, Auntie?"

"Milking her, dear."

"Where do they put the milk in, Auntie?"

"Oh! in her mouth!"

"Did you ever see them put the milk in?"

"O, yes!"

"Where?"

"I mean no, Freddy, you must be quiet—I'm getting crazy!"

"What makes you crazy, Auntie?"

"O, dear! you ask so many questions."

The little boy seemed to be puzzled and thoughtful a moment; but soon his curiosity got the better of him, and, as the cars passed a pasture in which were a sheep and a lamb, he asked:

List's Courtship.

The following story of the narrative of Listz, the pianist, is, if true, certainly very remarkable and romantic. It is as follows:—

Listz was at Prague in the Autumn of 1846. The day after his arrival a stranger called upon him, and represented himself as a brother artist in distress, having expended all his means in an unsuccessful law-suit, and solicited aid to enable him to return to Nuremberg, his place of residence.

Listz gave him a hearty reception, and opened his desk to give some money, but found that he possessed only three ducats.

"You see," said the generous artist, "that I am as poor as yourself. However, I have credit, and I coin money with my piano. I have here a miniature given me by the Emperor of Austria; the painting is of little value, but the diamonds are fine; take it, sell the diamonds, and keep the money."

The stranger refused the rich gift, but Listz compelled him to take it, and he carried it to a jeweler, who, suspecting from his miserable appearance that he had stolen it, had him arrested and thrown into prison.

The stranger sent for his generous benefactor, who immediately called upon the jeweler, and told him that the man was innocent—that he had given him the diamonds.

"But who are you?" asked the jeweler.

"My name is Listz," he replied.

"I know of no financier of that name," said the jeweler.

"Very possible," said Listz.

"But do you know that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins?"

"So much the better for him to whom I gave them."

"But you must be very rich to make such presents!"

"My sole fortune consists of three ducats," said Listz.

"Then you are a fool," said the jeweler.

"No," said Listz; "I have only to move the ends of my fingers to get as much money as I want."

"Then you are a sorcerer," said the jeweler.

"I will show you the kind of sorcery that I employ," said Listz.

Seeing a piano in the back parlor of the jeweler's shop, the eccentric artist sat down to it, and began to improvise a ravishing air. A beautiful young lady made her appearance, and at the close of the performance exclaimed:—

"Bravo, Listz!"

"You know him, then," said the jeweler to his daughter.

"I have never seen him before," she answered, "but there is no one in the world but Listz who can produce such sounds from the piano."

The jeweler was satisfied, the stranger was released and relieved, the report of Listz being in the city flew, and he was waited upon and fêted by the nobles, who besought him to give a Concert in their city. The jeweler, seeing the homage that was paid to the man of genius, was ambitious of forming an alliance with him, and to him said:—

"How do you find my daughter?"

"Adorable!" was the reply.

"What do you think of marriage?" continued the jeweler.

"Well, enough to try it," said Listz.

"What do you say to a dowry of three million francs?" he was next asked.

"I will accept of it," Listz replied, "and thank you, too."

"Well, my daughter likes you and you like her," said the jeweler, "the dowry is ready. Will you be my son-in-law?"

"Gladly," replied Listz; and the marriage was celebrated the week following.

The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of; but they do not sing—they fiddle. By rubbing wings and legs together—in such a manner peculiar to the species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best insect instrumental performer is the "katy-did." Each wing contains a little tamborine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings these are rubbed against each other and produce the sound of "katy-did-did," which can be heard at such a long distance, and gives the insect its name. These sounds are supposed to be useful in enabling insects to find their mates, or they may indulge in them for their own gratification, and to add to the general harmony of nature.

When we were a little shaver they used to ask us Bible questions, and make us tell who was the wisest, the oldest, the meekest, and the strongest man. They didn't ask us who was the meanest man, but we have found him out nevertheless. He is the individual who takes a paper and won't pay for it.

"Oh, these shame-faced females on the streets with their masculine hats on!" exclaimed an old lady from the country as she came around a prominent corner, "it just looks as though they all wanted to be kissed by the boys, for that wuz the sign when I was a gal!"

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clutch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams?

MARKETS.

STANFORD.

The retail prices for provisions, etc., are as follows:—

Barren, hams, 10c; Lard, 10c; Butter, 10c; Eggs, 10c; Corn, 10c; Wheat, 10c; Flour, 10c; Rice, 10c; Beans, 10c; Peas, 10c; Lentils, 10c; Potatoes, 10c; Onions, 10c; Cabbage, 10c; Turnips, 10c; Carrots, 10c; Parsnips, 10c; Celery, 10c; Asparagus, 10c; Mushrooms, 10c; Tomatoes, 10c; Peppers, 10c; Apples, 10c; Oranges, 10c; Lemons, 10c; Limes, 10c; Pineapples, 10c; Watermelons, 10c; Cantaloupes, 10c; Cucumbers, 10c; Eggplants, 10c; Okra, 10c; Squash, 10c; Pumpkin, 10c; Sweet potatoes, 10c; Yams, 10c; Turnip greens, 10c; Collards, 10c; Kale, 10c; Spinach, 10c; Lettuce, 10c; Cabbage, 10c; Cauliflower, 10c; Broccoli, 10c; Asparagus, 10c; Mushrooms, 10c; Tomatoes, 10c; Peppers, 10c; Apples, 10c; Oranges, 10c; Lemons, 10c; Limes, 10c; Pineapples, 10c; Watermelons, 10c; Cantaloupes, 10c; Cucumbers, 10c; Eggplants, 10c; Okra, 10c; Squash, 10c; Pumpkin, 10c; Sweet potatoes, 10c; Yams, 10c; Turnip greens, 10c; Collards, 10c; Kale, 10c; Spinach, 10c; Lettuce, 10c; Cabbage, 10c; Cauliflower, 10c; Broccoli, 10c; 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